

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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WHOLE NO. 172.

The Poet's Corner.

THE MEDICAL WIFE.

You may brag of your daughters who sing and who dance,

With their novels, and cricket, and candy,
But give me the maid that can handle a lance,
And have out a "jaw" neat and handy.

I shall marry a doctor—on that I'm agreed;
Even though she should practice in breeches:
I can do all the "darnin'" if she'll only bleed,
And put salt on the tails of the leeches.

Should my courting prove healthy—my suit be in luck,
Some evening, when laughing and cracking,
I shall venture quite softly to call her a "duck,"
Though I mean no reflections on "quacking."
Then I'll tell her my heart ever bumps in my ear,
That I fear I am dying without her,
When of course she will just have to sound me to hear
All the soft things it's saying about her.

Then perchance she may take my poor pulse in her own
To examine my tongue unromantic,
And she'll write a prescription to give me a tone,
As the symptoms are making me frantic.

"S. G. Take a doctor—a crinoline pill—
Matrimonia—Ext. of blisses,"
When of course she'll present me her sweet little bill,
Which I'll instantly pay off with kisses.

Ah! then, when we're wed, what a joy it will be,
With a crack in my poor upper story,
For my wife to prepare me, without any fee,
A small dose of "Hydrad of Chlori."

And at eve, when my spirits are drooping and low,
She, my angel so careful and "tentie,"
Will say to me, "Love, your pulsation's too slow,
Take a drop of spirits frument."

She'll prescribe for my buttons, whenever they fall off—
On my pockets she'll operate daily;
Whenever my socks have a cold or a cough
She will amputate both of them gaily.
We'll have none of your crinolines made of the bone
Of a whale whose career has been ended,
But we'll have a real skeleton man of our own
From the roof of our chamber suspended.

Should some infants be sent to this union of brains—
To this wedding of physic and letters—
She'll protect their poor stomachs from griping and
pains,

And cure them of measles and tethers,
And when they arrive at the age of discretion,
and know how to fill their own purses,
We shall make all the maids into "Fellows C. S.,"
And the boys into "hospital nurses."

And at last when I peg and my flesh 'gins to creep,
And life's fever is fitfully closing,
I'll be startled at night, from perhaps my last sleep,
By my female M. D.'s diagnosing.

Then they'll hang my old bones in the parlor to dry,
As a skeleton much they'll respect me,
And as love nowadays before science must fly,
The Professor, my wife, will dissect me.

THE CAPITOL.

WEDLOCK.

Ivy clinging to oak,
Symbols husband and wife;
Ivy's clinging may choke

The strong, ill-mated life.
While the whirlwind and storm
Braved and breasted must be,
Wedlock only took form
Of vine that clung to tree.

Clearer and calmer air
Nobler union shall grace;
Oak and Linden shall pair—
Two trees whose boughs inlace.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

Our Special Contributors.

JANE AUSTEN.

BY MARY FIELDING.

Some years ago, before I had ever heard of Jane Austen or her works, I was storm-stayed on a journey at a dreary place among the hills. The weather embargo lasted three days, and my chance companion, a silly woman, wearied me unspeakably with the monotony of her family histories. I had nothing to do but to gaze out of the window at a few forlorn trees dripping with wet, while banks of leaden clouds seemed to shut down closer and closer upon the drenched earth. There was a grim array of theological works in one corner of the room, and no other mental pabulum presented itself to my disconsolate vision. Tomes of Scott's Commentaries, Jonathan Edward's Theological Disquisitions, Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs, and kindred works, bristled before my eyes. My literary digestion was good and healthy, but not so thoroughly ostrich-like as to enable me to assimilate those grim volumes.

By means of a happy inspiration, as I reflected on the inherent weakness of human nature, and the possibility that some luckless traveller had anticipated my fate and had left his or her solace behind, I was led to cautiously apply my hand to the little recess at the back of the book-shelf, and I pulled out a volume quite destitute of cover, and which seemed buried under the dust of ages. It possessed neither title-page or finis; but the body of the work remained intact. I had stumbled happily upon "Pride and Prejudice," and five minutes sufficed to enable me to shake off the dust and cobwebs and become thoroughly immersed in the family at Longbourn.

My companion addressed to me various unnecessary and teasing observations, but I did not heed or hear them. I was making the acquaintance of Jane and Elizabeth, the stilted Mary, the pert Lydia, the vulgar and ridiculous Mrs. Bennet, the cynical and indifferent Mr. Bennet, the servile, pompous, tiresome Collins, the obsequious Sir William Lucas, and all the shallow and ill-bred people who occupy the pages of the book. It is unnecessary to add that I did not abandon its perusal until the sun shone brightly through the scattering clouds, and I was enabled to pursue my journey, having gained a new and rich experience from an unknown author.

But my curiosity concerning the writer of the work I had so thoroughly relished did not long remain unsatisfied. By turns I was introduced to "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Northanger Abbey," and I learned all that could conveniently be learned about Jane Austen herself, a quiet, unpretentious, lovable woman, living for the greater part of her life in an English country parsonage in the

midst of a most devoted and affectionate family circle. Among her books "Pride and Prejudice" still retains the first place in my favor. It is not as pretty a story as "Emma," or as carefully elaborated as "Mansfield Park," but in its pages the peculiar, I may say extraordinary characteristics of the author's mind, are more strongly brought out than in either of the others. How a woman, born ninety-five years ago—the very year previous to the declaration of American Independence, educated in the ideas of the time with such literary favorites, one of her biographers tells us, as Johnson, and Gilpin, and especially Richardson, "whose power of creating and preserving the consistency of his characters she admired" could, in an age of false and stilted romance, produce the most perfect delineations of ordinary, every-day life, the most faithful portraits of commonplace people rendering them instantly attractive by their Tenier's-like fidelity to nature, is and always will remain a marvel.

The circumstances of Miss Austen's life were singularly uneventful. She died at the age of thirty seven, and although her works at once attracted the attention of men and women of letters, and called out the encomiums of Walter Scott, Lord Macaulay, Lord Holland, and many other admirable critics, chance never threw her personally in the way of literary people. Miss Mitford was born and lived at Ashe during a portion of her young life within a few miles of Steventon, Miss Austen's first, and perhaps best loved home; but these two singularly gifted women never met. Jane Austen followed religiously the bent of her own genius, and rejecting the stilted models of the Richardson school, she portrayed only what her clear hazel eyes took note of for themselves. The field upon which her characters move is never wider than a country neighborhood or a village street. There are no saints nor villains, no indescribably beautiful heroines made the sport of fate, or the foot-ball of destiny, or caught in a mesh of evil designs; nothing but men and women such as we know. When we think of the placid, fair-faced young woman buried in a dull, country place, in one of the least interesting portions of England, devoted to her own family, and leading what a modern girl would consider an excessively slow existence, the marvel grows at perceptive faculties so sure and unerring, at a hand that seems almost merciless in its accuracy while tracing all the pettiness, vulgarity, pretentiousness, and snobbery, of ordinary characters. The delineator never flinches a hair. She is merciless in her truth to nature. Mr. Woodhouse is never a bit less unnecessarily fussy than the actual man; Mr. Collins loses not one particle of his solemn stupidity because of the author's compassion; Miss Bates is the actual, loquacious, tiresome old body of real life, who, one constantly feels like shaking in spite of the tribute one is bound to pay to her excellence.

Miss Austen's directness of vision, the marvellous insight she gained into character, must have made her feared had these qualities not been masked under an exterior of great simplicity and sweetness. She was the favorite of young people and children, kind and sprightly in manner, never sarcastic or regardless of others' feelings. Though she lingered with delight over the love scenes of Darcy and Elizabeth, no touch of personal romance seems to have fallen upon her own life, at least if it were not so, she carefully concealed the fact, for her biographer frankly avows that he has no love-story to tell in connection with Jane Austen. She lived and died beloved and cherished by a most affectionate family group, and appears to have been in a singular degree free from morbidity which is so often the accompaniment of genius.

Her works, during her life-time, brought neither a very large amount of money or fame. She received from the booksellers about seven hundred pounds, and felt herself more than compensated for what had cost her so little. The manuscript of "Northanger Abbey" was sold to a Bath publisher for the sum of ten pounds. So lightly did he think of his bargain that he allowed it to remain many years unnoticed in his drawers, "somewhat as the first chapters of 'Waverley' lurked forgotten amongst the fishing-tackle in Scott's cabinet." But when four novels had been published with moderate but increasing success, Miss Austen bought back the neglected work and the purchaser was glad to part with it at cost price. The book was not published until after Miss Austen's death. Her fame has been steadily but surely growing, and within a few years past so many visitors to Winchester cathedral, the place where she lies buried, have asked to have her grave pointed out that the verger was led to inquire, "What there was particular about that lady?"

Sir Walter Scott was among the first to recognize Miss Austen's genius. He said: "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, that is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary, commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so young."

Jane Austen's style is the photographic clearness of reality. It is like leaving the scenes of the theatre with a canvas heaven and a pasteboard landscape, with all that is garish and gaudy—the tricks never well concealed, and the paint staring in daubs and blotches, and to come out into the daylight of the real world, filled with real people we know and recognize, to drop a modern sensational novel and take up one of Jane Austen's volumes. Good, healthy, well-written works of fiction form an almost essential concomitant of mental diet; indeed, there seems to be something wanting in the mind that cannot relish an excellent novel; but so much diluted, sensational stuff, which passes for romance, is consumed by the craving, and oftentimes diseased appetite of the public that taste is vitiated, or else it revolts against every species of fictitious writing, and in either case suffers loss. Miss Austen's works might almost be

used as a test to prove the soundness of literary digestion, and such being the case, as taste and culture advance she is sure to gain admirers. Perhaps she has already as many readers in this country as in England. Her volumes are among the standards of circulating libraries, and have a well thumbed, dingy, and dogs-eared appearance, that shows how diligently they have been coned. To such as do not yet know our favorites, the Bennets, Mr. Collins, Miss Bates, Mr. Woodhouse, Mrs. Elton, the John Thorpe people, and many others, we can wish nothing better than that they may speedily make their acquaintance.

GAIL HAMILTON.

BY SEAWANDEER.

If the readers of Gail Hamilton's articles in the *Independent* should take her as a specimen of average women they would certainly admit quickly, although sorrowfully, that the sex is incapable of logical thought or utterance, of breadth of view, of pity and charity, of persistence and harmony with other graces hitherto considered feminine. She talks of women as the authors of all inferior work in the market. Has she ever lived in a house with an attic designed for storing boxes, furniture, etc., yet with the door made far too narrow to admit anything beyond a valise? This has been my experience in many different houses, and I have had to disburse much money for storage when a large attic invited baggage, but for the absence of adequate ingress; yet houses are built and planned by men. Could a woman be so stupid?

This very day another of those miserable mortice (?) locks has lost the power of turning the latch, and to remedy it I have to cut the door to pieces as I did last year in another case. If a woman had designed it I should say, "Don't extend the franchise to people who have no practical sense." In consulting a builder about putting up a house after plans of my own, I asked, "How shall we avoid the cracks in the plaster?" "Those cannot be helped; walls will crack, the best of them," was his reply; but being a woman I intend to have walls which will not crack.

Gail says men make better cooks than women. She has not been so unfortunate as to watch details under male cookery. I have, by design, on shipboard and in hotels. The poisonous, filthy habits of male cooks have prevented my taking several journeys which, otherwise, I should have enjoyed. On one steamer where the tables looked lovely, and shiny white paint, with the brightest gilt ornaments were the rule of the cabin, it was the custom to use the towels which were thrown from the state-rooms for the wash to wipe the breakfast dishes before they went to the laundry; and I have seen with these very eyes of mine the man washing dishes coolly take his sponge from the dishwasher to wipe up the tobacco-spittle from the floor, and quickly return it to the white crockery without even a rinse. In another case, a man with ugly sores was making bread. Many such instances "horrible to relate," I have seen, and my deliberate opinion is that man is not as clean an animal as woman. Would that Gail Hamilton might exclusively enjoy his cooking.

In higher departments what are men doing?

They have always controlled our public schools. The result is children are obliged to learn by rote all the brooks in Kamschatka, the hillocks in Russia, the ponds in Sweden, with quantities of other trash which is not of the slightest use to them, and which the sensible memory immediately rejects, while they are kept profoundly ignorant of their own bodies, laws of health, and practical moral truths. Thus we have as a harvest criminals and invalids. But set a man to speechifying and you will always hear the spread-eagle eulogy of "our glorious common schools!"

Congress elucidates the dignity and capability of man as legislator. There was plenty of time for bills of no real importance to "be passed" by our last Congress, but none for the protection of our tortured black fellow citizens "the wards of the nation," against the outrages of the *Ku-Klux*; also, our voters. But this article is only designed to suggest the absurdity of Gail Hamilton's reasoning.

In her last article she takes up a single illustration in the "Woman's letter," and entirely misconstrues its use in a wanton, unjust manner. For the "man's faulty letter" she has only approval.

TRUE POLITENESS.

BY HELEN M. HOWARD.

There is an inner soul of courtesy which pays great attention to the opinions and observations of others. I have seen a profound man of science giving heed, with bent head and listening ear, to the talk of a little boy. All young people enjoyed talking to him, and as a general thing young people do not enjoy converse with grave learned men or women. Their ignorance and inferiority, the shame of youth is too keenly felt, too vividly contrasted in such contacts. Most grown people, if not absolutely indifferent, listen to the young with a kind of gentle suffrance, or an amused feeling not very different from ridicule. It does not seem worth while to ask a lad's opinion on the tariff or Irish Church Disestablishment; but perhaps some slight motion or glance, including him in the talk when such grave subjects are under discussion, might awaken an intelligent interest without too seriously flattering his vanity.

Once saw a celebrated city doctor take off his hat to a sloppy, bedraggled woman, who had come to the door of a mean house, in answer to his summons, with the air of a Sir Philip Sidney. He was not paying homage to the unkempt, dirty specimen before him, but to all womanhood. You felt instinctively that no woman passed by, however dim the divine image and superscription upon her might be, without receiving a recognition from that man of her kinship with his mother.

In spite of all the maxims current concerning good listeners, they do not number largely. While conversing, most people are thinking of what they have just said, or are going to say next. No doubt a subtle species of flattery is conveyed by a listening attitude and a delicate acknowledgment of the sense of every word that falls from the speaker's lips; but something more than that even is demanded of a good listener. It is essential to gauge your companion's intelligence and acquirements, and silently to do them deference. It is a rare instinct by which talk is

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always pitched on the right key, neither too high nor low. Bookish people and young collegians are apt to pour out all they know as a school boy empties his pockets. There are wary, discreet talkers, who seem to be extorting a secret from you while they take care not to commit themselves. There are trained talkers who use you as a private bowling alley to set up their little ninepin arguments upon for the pleasure of knocking them down; but the greatest bore of all is the pompous well-informed man, who writes you down an ignoramus, and, with true missionary zeal, undertakes your enlightenment. He tells you last week's newspaper reports as if he were conveying a profound discovery in science that moment made. It never appears to occur to him that you have been to school or read books, or traveled a little yourself. Here is an opportunity for trotting out his information, and he trots it out vigorously.

I was very much diverted not long since by a little confab which took place near me in a railway car. Two men, evidently chance acquaintances made on the journey, occupied a seat near by. One of them, with long, bushy beard, tobacco-stained teeth and sombre hat, looked like a returned Californian; the other was unquestionably many grades above him in culture and education. The talk happening to turn on the settlement of a certain State, not at all remarkable for its progressive spirit, our Californian, as I will call him, remarked that his forefathers were among the early settlers. There were the inevitable three brothers who came over and established themselves in different counties. These remarks led to others of the same sort, until at last the Californian said, turning to his companion: "Mebbe you ain't aware, sir, that these States was once colonies."

The grandeur with which he conveyed this piece of information was highly diverting. I saw a faint smile curl round the lips of the well-bred stranger; but in the noise of the train I lost his reply.

That truest deference, which knows instinctively how much margin to give in intercourse—how much is to be implied, but not expressed, is most admirable. Any palpable coming down to the comprehension of plain folks, with an attempt at patronage, which is, in fact, a modified contempt, has its offensive side. It is surprising how quickly the most ignorant person detects the pinchbeck of such a manner. Very young and crude people are apt to fall into the opposite error, and, by dint of straining, to try and make themselves appear as tall as those above them. But people of well-educated perceptions never make such blunders. They talk with farmers and fishermen and the laborers on the railroad, until, in the eyes of these men, farming and fishing and road building, look five times as essential and dignified as they did before. They are never in the way. Nobody is put out by them. Their smoother speech and better learning do not offend the ungrammatical old crone who is gathering pot herbs by the roadside. They are as companionable as the sunshine that scorns no one's rage and cheapens no one's worth, for their civility is the very essence of true politeness.

—The Princess Dora D'Istria has just published in Florence an outline of the Indian poem, "Ramayana," which is the "Iliad" of that country.

THE NEW YORK "OBSERVER" AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY LEWIS.

That paper, of February 28rd, contains an article entitled, "Woman's Rights vs. The Bible," signed "W. B. H."

My friends who are timid in the faith keep thrusting such articles before my eyes, as much as to say "What do you think of that? Does not that shake your confidence a little?"

Not a prattle; but it might be a little provoking if it were not for the reflection that "the fools are not all dead yet."

If "Woman's Rights" are "vs. The Bible," then does the Bible advocate, uphold, and enforce woman's wrongs?

"W. B. H." quotes an editress of a Cincinnati periodical of forty years ago, who said: "We aver ourselves so old-fashioned, or rather so out of fashion, as taking our rule of faith from the Bible to insist that the wife owes obedience to her husband."

Does she mean by that that a good Christian woman owes a good Christian man, if her husband, allegiance as he owes her allegiance? or does she mean that the wife of an utterly immoral man, who has broken every vow he made her *and so dissolved hers*, owes him unqualified obedience, even if he should command her to follow his practices. Fie, upon such reasoning!

"W. B. H." makes the bold, bad, untrue assertion, that "the advocates of woman's rights in these days ignore the teachings of God's Word."

Why, man alive, (or "dead," which is it?) I am "free by the freedom wherewith I have been made free." My Christian liberty has set me as far above where I stood twenty years ago, as the clouds are above the earth. I have "come out of darkness into light, out of bondage into liberty," and I trust "from death unto life eternal." Don't make that unfounded assertion again, for in the name of my Master I declare it to be false.

Here is a lingo of nonsense unworthy of comment: "I am persuaded that the main happiness of life is in the conjugal relationship, though that depends in a great measure on the character of the wife, more than on that of the husband; for a woman can generally make a husband what she will; at least something better than he would be without her. This is not always so, of course, for there are men so bad that they will not be influenced by the best of wives, and there are women incapable of wielding the power God has given them; but generally domestic happiness, and even worldly prosperity, are more in the hands of the wife than of the husband. The husband is the *tool*, the wife the artist. (I use the word "tool" not in an offensive sense, but to indicate an instrument of action.) If she understands the use of the tool she can accomplish almost whatever she designs, but if she understands it not her work will not only fail, but the attempt be ridiculous."

He says that woman was "created akin to angels," and that he has "always been a worshipper of woman," forgetting, of course, the command, "thou shalt not worship any created being;" but attempts to make it appear that this creature "akin to angels," is to be subjected in obedience to fallen man. That her mission is to ingratiate herself into his existence, to pervade his motives and actions

and to direct him in his path through life, and by her influence to elevate his character. Then it is woman, and not Christ, who is to be the salvation of man. I greatly fear that she is not sufficiently divine to be equal to the task of "elevating" such an inert mass of humanity. I suspect that man will have to follow the same law that she does, "of working out his own salvation, God working with him." It would seem that *man* should be obedient if he is the one "to be directed" by a being "akin to angels." This unhappy man believes that the success of woman's rights (as they call it), will be a prelude to the degradation of the female race, but grants that desirable good may be accomplished by it, the relief of the poor, the according to women more just wages than the miserable pittance they now receive; but the question is does the good obtained compensate for the good lost? He thinks not, and closes his homily on woman's mission, and position, in this style: "I think my wife was as near divinity as it is possible for human nature to be, and from my knowledge of her character I believe she would have *revolted* at the modern ideas of *woman's rights*, and had she espoused them she would have lost in *my eyes* every attribute that made her most lovely and most attractive."

Fortunate woman, or "divinity!" No longer compelled to remain in such close relationship to one so very human as "H. B. H." "Gone to glory" before meeting with that direst of calamities that can befall woman for time or eternity. Losing every lovely or attractive attribute in the "tool's" eyes.

When the *Observer* is reduced to the necessity of availing itself of such marvellous contributions on the woman question, it is time to exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen?"

ALEXANDER DUMAS ON LECTURES.

"I have never much liked these affairs, where one person speaks and everybody else listens. The subject on which one lectures must be very interesting or very little understood, to make it tolerable; and the speaker must be very eloquent or very original, to lend a charm to this discourse, where there is no controversy; where contradiction is out of order, and criticism an impoliteness.

I have never been able to follow, to the end of his discourse, an orator who speaks, or a minister who preaches. There is always some angle in his discourse which checks my advance, and I halt, busied with my own thoughts, while he goes on his way. Having stopped here, I look at the subject from my own point of view, so that I make my own oration or sermon mentally, while he delivers his aloud.

And when the discourse is over we are often a hundred leagues apart, though we started from the same point."

—Olive Logan, Anna Dickinson, and Kate Field, will all lecture in England this year.

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America

Burnett's Cocaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

Notes About Women.

—Mary Wilson, of Battle Creek, voted the straight Democratic ticket.

—Miss Julia Colman is spoken of as a very successful Temperance lecturer.

—Miss Paolina, the new American *prima donna*, is a niece of Senator Ramsey.

—A woman, Mrs. Hurd, is Custom House officer at Port Townsend, Victoria.

—A Boston youth advertises for a "self-supporting" wife, "pretty and well educated."

—Several prominent Iowa papers have come out strong for woman suffrage.

—There are 800,000 more women than men in England.

—A woman has written an essay, to prove that Shakespeare was a woman.

—The ladies greatly surpass the best artillery—they carry balls a great deal too far.

—The unmarried women of this country, it is said, own \$400,000,000 of property, on which they suffer taxation without representation.

—Miss Phelps says there is no use quarrelling with a woman, the press, a railroad company, or the telegraph.

—Ladies' conversational clubs are very successful in the Western States. They should be started everywhere.

—Fifty years ago a woman carried the mails once a week, between Freedomia and Buffalo, N. Y.

—The pledge of the Anti-Chignon Society has been taken by over fifty thousand ladies in Germany.

—One thousand and twenty-eight young women attended the meetings of the Midnight Mission in London last year.

—A ladies' life insurance company is being formed in London. One provision is that all employees are to be women.

—The exact title of Miss Alcott's forthcoming book is "Little Men; Life at Plumfield with 'Jo's' Boys."

—The Princess Beatrice says she means to marry an American. She is evidently a young lady of taste.

—The *Jewish Messenger* calls on the Jewesses of America to complete the Washington Monument.

—Mrs. H. C. Spencer is to resume charge of the Ladies Department of the Washington Business College on Thursday of this week.

—Mrs. Fawcett declares the Married Woman's Property Bill, to be one of the most absurd and illogical acts ever passed.

—Mrs. Virginia D. Atwood has presented through Dr. Sayres, a collection of forty-one excellent lithographs and chromos, to be hung up in the surgical ward at Bellevue Hospital.

—A subscription has been opened for the relief of Mme. Rossini, who is reported to have recently lost nearly the whole of the fortune left her by her illustrious husband.

—It has been rumored that the Parisian ladies intend to show their sense of their country's misfortunes by adopting for the future an extreme sobriety of costume.

—Maria Mitchell, the female astronomer of Vassar College, is fifty-three years old. In 1847 she captured a comet, and received a medal from the King of Denmark for her success.

—Miss Anthony speaks on the 20th of this month at Cuba, N. Y.; on the 21st, at Rushford, N. Y., and on the 24th, at Mount Morris, N. Y. Afterwards she returns home to Rochester to snatch a few days of much-needed rest.

—Francis Joseph's mother is insane on the subject of dress, and spends most of her time trying on new gowns. A good many women who are not supposed to be insane spend most of their time in the same manner.

—Patti, upon her benefit night at St. Petersburg, was called before the curtain seventy-five times; three times was sent for to come to the Imperial box, and was presented with diamonds and other jewels valued at 50,000 francs.

—Three years ago twenty-seven women destroyed a drinking saloon in a small town of Iowa, and the other day sixteen of them held a reunion in commemoration of the event. There was a dinner in the afternoon, and a great temperance meeting in the evening.

—Macon, Ga., does not allow women of doubtful reputation to occupy seats in the dress circle of its theatre, but puts them up in the gallery; but men of damaged reputations have a choice of seats.

—Marion Evans (George Elliot) is mentioned by a London correspondent as one of the most interesting and captivating of English women, entirely free from dogmatism, egotism, or pretension of any kind.

—A young girl in Malaga, named Anita Perez, has published in the *Andalusian Monthly Review*, two novels which the Spanish critics pronounce superior to any which have appeared in the literature of their country for many years past.

—A clever repartee is attributed to the member from Mormondom in the new Congress. A brother member asked him how many wives he had. "Enough to keep me from running after other people's," he promptly replied.

—A romance is told about Anna Mehlig, the pianist. She has a German lover whom she is unwilling to marry without a fortune as her dowry, consequently she is unremitting in the exercise of her fingers, and dresses very plainly.

—Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in her new story, says: "Men need wives who are in love with them. Simple tolerance is not enough to stand the strain of married life, and to marry when you cannot truly love is to commit an act of dishonesty and injustice."

—A lady in Cambridge, Mass., "who has been providentially thrown out of work desires to obtain housekeeping." The question arises whether any one will dare to thwart the decrees of Providence by giving her employment.

—A countryman stopped at a telegraph window, where a young lady was receiving despatches, and after looking on a moment, called to his companion: "Say, Bill, just you come and see 'em make paper collars? Don't she know her biz, eh, Bill?"

—The Baptists in the State of Missouri have eight colleges under their control, three of them being for ladies. The wealthiest of these institutions is William Jewell College, the total assets of which exceed \$200,000. It is now proposed to establish a college for ladies, of a higher grade than any other female college in the State.

—A good old lady in New Jersey, "past three-score years and ten," loves the cause of foreign missions so much that she has given up her snuff and sent \$10, which she calls "snuff money," to the American Board.

—A woman's rights advocate insists that divorced women have a right to vote under the Fifteenth Amendment, which provides that the right of suffrage shall not be denied or abridged on account of race, color or "previous condition of servitude."

—The *Portland Press* says that a lady in Westbrook, Me., has plucked flowers in her garden every month since last March, a year ago, except in January, 1871. December 81, she plucked crysanthemums in full bloom, and in February of this year, other flowers.

—A Court of Inquiry has been instituted at the Brooklyn Navy Yard to investigate a singular case wherein a wife charges her husband with having defrauded the government of \$30,000. She declares she is actuated solely by a sense of duty in making these disclosures.

—Miss Cary's Sunday evening gatherings, devoted to agreeable conversation among cultured people, have been imitated by Mrs. Youman's, wife of the great chemist, and by Mrs. Fields, wife of the editor of the *New York Evangelist*.

—The original Mrs. Partington was a respectable old lady living at Sidmouth, England. She attempted to mop up the Atlantic Ocean when it rushed in upon her house in a furious storm, and Sydney Smith made use of her exploit in a famous speech which he delivered in 1831, on the Lord's rejection of the Reform Bill.

—Archbishop Manning is out against extravagance in female attire. He said: "Men had improved since the last century in this respect, but the attire of women had become more costly, ostentatious, and singular, even to strangeness, and thus money wasted which clothe the naked, feed the poor, or educate children."

—"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one mother to another. "Yes, poor little thing! It was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leached its temples, had it bled, gave it all kinds of medicines, and yet, after a week's illness, it died."

—Thackeray, in one of "Roundabout Papers," said: "It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or pit of a theater. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely upon it, are deleterious in their nature."

—Our spicy contemporary, the *Globe*, says: "Olive Logan consumes a column of the last *Christian Union*, to say why she does not lecture on Sunday evenings. The principal reason is, she gets tired out with her weeks' work, and prefers to rest on Sunday. If she should decide to lecture of a Sunday night, she thinks she is smart enough to avoid that which is 'light and frivolous.' She says that in all of her lectures she strives earnestly to inculcate good lessons, to teach pure morals and noble aims. She looks with horror upon a Sunday night congregation stopped at the door by a ticket taker. Olive wants the privilege of doing right without hearing the cry of 'sour grapes.' To our mind pickled olives are far more appetizing than 'sour grapes.'"

The Revolution.

—At the recent term of the District Court of Tama county, Iowa, Miss Abbie F. Martin, of Richland township, obtained a verdict of \$750 damages against Marshal T. Hayward, in a suit for slander. Miss Martin is a school teacher, 22 years of age. Hayward is a second cousin of hers.

—On the 27th of April, 1866, in the House of Commons, the Hon. Benjamin Disraeli gave utterance to the following:

"I have always been of opinion that if there is to be universal suffrage, women have as much right to vote as men; and more than that, a woman having property ought now to have a vote in a country in which she may hold manorial courts and sometimes act as churchwarden."

—A lady residing in a German city, which is heavily taxed by the war, writes to her friends that the cost of living is so much increased in consequence that she has to pay sixty-five cents for a pair of white kid gloves "with two buttons;" that a new silk bonnet costs nearly a dollar in gold; a cab for two persons to the opera and back, thirty-seven cents, and washing is charged for at the extravagant rate of twelve cents a dozen pieces.

—To parents.—An acquaintance from the country having visited some friends and being about to depart, presented a little boy, one of the family, with a half-dollar, in the presence of his mother. "Please, is it a good one?" said the lad. "Certainly," replied the gentleman, surprised; "why do you ask?" "Because I'd rather have a bad one; they'd let me keep it. If I get any good money it goes into the bank, and I never get it again."

—Somebody remarks of American ladies that besides being the most strictly beautiful race of women on earth, "on political questions they are ever ready to enter the field of discussion with becoming ease and canvass all sides involved in controversy with reason and understanding." If this be true it indicates that they are fully ready to enter actively into what theoretically they so well understand.

—A writer to the St. Louis *Republican* proposes a new remedy for the "Social evil." He would have every man seen going into a house of ill-fame arrested and taken before Chief Justice Banyon, and then would have his right name published in the papers. Excellent as this method is it would not meet the views of our governing classes. They do not wish to do away with the evil only to "regulate" it.

—A Louisville lass who got tired of her lover kept him moving heavy articles of furniture from one room to the other in hopes that he would take the hint and go. She kept on until she removed all the furniture in the house seven times, and he didn't see the point; but the other night in despair, when he called, she threw a pail of water on him from the window. He says he can't place any confidence in women, and he has presented a bill or removing furniture.

—Mrs. Annie A. E. MacDowell, late editor of the "Woman's Department" of the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch*, and who is now connected in the same capacity with the *Sunday Republic*, we are informed, was the first woman in the United States who published and edited a newspaper devoted to the industrial rights of woman, the whole business of which was conducted by women, who were paid the full prices of the Men's Typographical Union.

—James Redpath publishes a card in the Boston papers, in which he says: "The widow of John Brown is poor, and, owing to a recent removal of location, rendered necessary by circumstances, she now needs temporary aid. A little over one hundred dollars has been raised, but we need one hundred more to enable her to support herself comfortably until her next crop comes in." Money sent to Mr. Redpath, or to Wendell Phillips, Boston, will be forwarded to her.

—The most notable incident of Father Taylor's funeral was an old woman, with her poor, soiled dress, and her basket of oranges and apples on her arm, walking up the aisle in the midst of the services, looking into his face and going out, paying no attention to the audience or the exercises. It was, says a contemporary, such a gem of independence and characterization that it seemed as if Father Taylor would almost himself rise and commend it.

—A worthy woman in Rochester, N. Y., who thought her daughter rather too young to receive calls from a very attentive young gentleman, the other evening gave them a very broad hint to that effect; first, by calling the girl out of the room and sending her to bed; and, second, by taking into the room a huge slice of bread and butter, with molasses attachment, and saying to the youth in her kindest manner: "There, Bubby, take this and go home; it is a long way and your mother will be anxious."

—A Flag presented to Mrs. Gardner, of Detroit.—Mrs. Catharine A. F. Stebbins has presented to Mrs. Nannette B. Gardner a beautiful white silk flag (fifteen by eighteen inches), trimmed with blue, on which is printed in golden letters, "Woman's Voting Hymn," and dedicated to Mrs. G. for being the first woman who voted under the Fourteenth Amendment. Mrs. Stebbins made an attempt to get herself registered as a voter in the Fifth Ward, but failed, as we have already stated. She suggested to Mrs. Gardner to make the trial in her own Ward (Ninth), which resulted so happily in a success.

—We regret to announce the death of Mrs. C. E. Cochran, of Detroit, a most estimable woman and one of the Vice Presidents of the Northwestern Suffrage Association. A Western paper says of her:

We have rarely known a lady of more intellectual gifts, which she had heightened by much study and observation. She would, with an ambition stimulating her, have trod almost any path of mental distinction. But she was content to be useful, and cared nothing about distinction. She possessed many graces of character, conspicuous among which was a rare unselfishness. Almost her last public work was the circulation of a petition for a law to meet the case of those who had been unjustly imprisoned, or who, after long imprisonment, as in the case of Edward Murphy, had been shown to be innocent.

—Fanny Kemble's daughter is soon to be married to the Hon. Mr. Leigh, an English gentleman of distinction. After the separation of her parents she remained in this country with her father, Pierce Butler, and, at his death, inherited a handsome estate from him, including the South Carolina plantation, where Fanny Kemble underwent the harrowing experiences which she afterwards embodied in her famous book, "Diary of a Residence on a Southern Plantation." Miss Butler has resided three winters with a female friend, and last year, Mr. Leigh, traveling in this country, and anxious to visit a well-conducted rice plantation went to her's, and marriage is the sequel.

—Miss Vienna Demorest, at her first public concert given in Steinway Hall, on the evening of April 12th, was received by a large and appreciative audience, evidently prepossessed in favor of the young vocalist. Miss Demorest's singing made even a better impression than on the occasion of her *debut*, although there is marked evidence that she has by no means attained full development in the middle range of her voice. The pureness of her high notes called forth much applause, and her rendering everywhere evinced careful drill. The young singer looked charmingly in a dress of green satin trimmed with lace and roses, which, by its freshness, was well suited to her youth and girlish beauty. She was assisted by Mr. J. W. Hall, J. R. Thomas, and Mlle. Tedesca, the delightful young violinist. All these well-known artists acquitted themselves entirely to the satisfaction of the audience. Miss Demorest leaves the city soon on a concert tour to the East, and will then go to Italy to pursue a course of study covering some years.

—Mrs. Stanton has a long score to settle with the printers. She says that when she writes "crowned" the compositors will insist on spelling it "damned." In a recent letter of hers, to the *Golden Age*, detailing the doings at the University of Michigan, the following extraordinary sentence appeared:

"Down went the quid, up went the Chaplain, up went the prayer, &c."

In a state of comical dismay, she writes thus to the Editor:

"In substituting 'quid' for 'gaval,' you represent the reverend Chaplain as publicly removing the obnoxious weed from his mouth in approaching the Throne of Grace."

To do so showed a proper respect for the Deity, as well as his fellow men; but that a quid of tobacco should ever have found an abiding place within the pure lips of that holy man, is, what I imagine, he would not care to have the world know."

Not long ago, an article of Mrs. Stanton's appeared in the *Revolution*, called a "Story for Wives," wherein the types insisted on making her talk about the "poetry" of women, while she meant the "poverty" of women: two things which do not bear a close relation, as those of the sex who suffer from empty pockets will well understand.

—An interesting occasion for the members and friends of Sorosis was a matinee reading given before the Club on the 13th of April, at the house of Professor Lyman, in Fourteenth street, by Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson. The large parlors were thronged with an eager audience of ladies desiring to see and hear this sweet woman who has come up through such great tribulation, and also to extend to her their meed of friendliness and sympathy. She was attired in plain black, with a few white flowers in her hair. He face, since we last saw it, has lost some of its exquisite bloom. The fearful experiences through which she has passed have left their mark, but only to impart the attractions of chastened dignity and sweetness. As a reader, these qualities lend a peculiar charm to her impersonations, and although she may not possess the power to embody the grander tragic passions, in the realm of sentiment and pathos, she is more than pleasing. On this occasion she gave two selections from Whittier, "Marguerite" and "The Sisters," Mrs. Browning's "Lord Walter's Wife," a short poem by Nora Perry, and Jean Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." The last named poem was admirably rendered, and elicited an encore. Mrs. Browning's touching lines called, "He Giveth his Beloved Sleep."

Our Mail Bag.

AN INDEPENDENT WIFE.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

In your paper of March 23d, a working woman refers to a statement in your columns of the amount of work one woman has done, and wishes this woman "could be induced to state what amount of her earnings she is permitted to take into her own hands," etc. Presuming that the article referred to is the brief notice I sent you of Hannah Cooper, I hasten to reply to these queries; yet, before giving my testimony, it may be well to state that I do not receive my knowledge of this remarkable woman's character at second-hand, but have been an eye and ear witness for many years of her life efforts and their results.

To the questions of your correspondent I therefore briefly reply, that Mrs. C. not only holds the amount of her own earnings in her hands, but that her husband chooses to entrust her with his earnings also. *She keeps the pocket-book*; and when there is a draft made upon it, there is a mutual consultation and consent. In case of sickness, she would not be likely to hire help unless household matters could not possibly be carried on without it; but this would be her own independent decision. For thirty years (the period of time within my remembrance) she certainly has had no hired help; for the last few years she has had only the assistance of an adopted granddaughter, who, at this time, is but eleven years of age.

It may not be inappropriate for me to add a brief outline of this woman's character and methods as an example and encouragement to others who are struggling with difficulties; yet that all, even with her intensity of purpose, can be as successful, is doubtful, as but few of the present generation possess the powers of endurance which distinguished our mothers and grandmothers; yet by following her methods, we shall obtain success according to the measure of our ability.

When Mrs. C. married her present husband (a man eleven years her junior), she must have been about thirty-six years of age. She had been previously married, and was already the mother of eight children. Her life, during the continuance of her first marriage, and her victorious struggle with poverty and misfortunes, form a more wonderful chapter than the pen of fiction has written. That portion of her life is a curtained picture, terrible and lonely, yet victorious as the life of all who live a century in advance of their time.

After her second marriage, the family took up its residence on a farm located among the granite hills of Sullivan county, N. H. The ultimate of her hopes was to pay for this farm (of which they did not own a rod), and educate her children. To this she bent all her energies and indomitable force of character. She was queen in her household, just as every wife and mother should be. Among her children her word was law; there was never an appeal to a third person. And the prerogative of parental authority she never relinquished until her children, in turn, left the old homestead, and entered the marriage relation; and even then, in every pending question her opinions were so positive and forcible that great was the hardihood and courage of that child who could successfully oppose them.

Mrs. C. ignored custom if it crossed her line

of right, stood in her path, or obscured her light; she never turned out. In her ideas of duty she never questioned the world; she held private sessions with her heart and her God, and acted accordingly. I doubt if the thought that she was a woman ever restrained her in a course of action simply because it was not customary for woman so to speak and do. She had a happy forgetfulness of sex when Truth needed brave champions and Wrong deserved indignant rebuke. Derision and Scorn were always willing to take back tracks after one interview with her. With an eloquent tongue, incisive wit, a fund of practical knowledge, and, withal, an incomparable mimic and a ruthless exposé of hypocrisy, she was not a person whom ordinary people could oppose with impunity. Every question which engaged the attention of men she was bound to investigate as she had opportunity. She asked no one's leave and consulted no one's pleasure in her inquiries; what she considered legitimate was law to her.

With all this mental activity she possessed a mania for work; and there was need of this, for there was a home to be paid for and children to be educated. The spinning-wheel and loom were in constant requisition, and while at her labor she invariably talked or sang. Persons of both sexes and of all ages resorted to her for social stimulus, confidence and advice, and the poor and ignorant found a cheerful welcome in her dwelling; but her work never stopped for anybody or anything. The products of her loom clothed her family and carpeted her floors. In the evening she sat with her children around the family table, all hands busy, while her husband read aloud from the newspaper or some interesting work.

Between herself and husband there was an entire community of interest. With the proceeds of her labor, she, from year to year, helped pay taxes, liquidate debts, bought sheep and cows, and purchased farming implements.

For years these active efforts were continued without pecuniary advancement. Mr. C., a most intelligent and hard-working man, was often unsuccessful in the bargains which he made independent of his wife's advice, and the family, which had now increased to ten children, could not be expected to make good their expenditure, though trained to habits of economy and industry. Matters continued in this way as far as worldly fortune was concerned until the discovery of California gold, when Mr. C. resolved to leave his home for two years, and try his fortune in the diggings. For this purpose he borrowed money to defray his expenses, and sailed in the Harriet Rockwell, doubling Cape Horn, and being about six months on the waste of waters.

On arriving at California, he injured his back in helping clear the ship of her cargo, which injury rendered him incompetent for successful effort. He therefore returned, in a little more than a year from the time of his departure, with an impoverished pocket, but a heart enriched with new ideas of the world and social life, for he had had a fair opportunity to learn what man becomes without woman's purifying influence, and what society amounts to without the feminine element.

In the meantime, his wife, who had been entrusted with the care and management of the farm during his absence, and who was, in truth, the "monarch of all she surveyed," had,

by her superior skill and sagacity, paid off several hundreds of the debts, and made successful steps toward the aim of their united efforts.

Since that time, Mr. C. has seldom—perhaps never—conducted his business transactions in opposition to his wife's judgment, and pecuniary independence has been the result, though it came late in life and after years of unremitting toil; yet, with Mrs. C., this lifelong habit of unceasing industry cannot be relinquished, and when she ceases to do she will probably cease to be. The influence which such a positive character exerts can hardly be estimated; and the woman who marks out a life purpose, who is guided by her own light, and accepts her own definition of herself, is sure to be a victor.

"For whosoever the path may be,
However narrow, low or small,
The soul is sovereign of all,
And carves the steps of victory."

AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

NOTES FROM EVENSTON, ILLINOIS.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Perhaps you have thought there was not one sufficiently righteous in this Western Athens to save it from that political hell whose fire and brimstone is a dogmatic philosophy and a corrosive conservatism, but you are very much mistaken, for even in Evans-ton, the seat of the Western University, the Garrett Biblical Institute, and the North Western Female College, is a voice that whispers, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," even the kingdom of woman's social advancement and political enfranchisement.

An association has just been formed for the purpose of discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the woman question, with Mrs. Gen. J. L. Beveridge, as President, Mrs. Richard D. Somers, Vice President; H. M. Kidder, Prof. A. F. Nightingale, and Rev. O. Huse, as Executive Committee. The officers are all *pros*.

The anniversaries of the State and Cook county Woman's Suffrage Association were a wonderful success. The fruits are being gathered in every day by a very great increase of membership, and by the formation of auxiliary societies in the suburbs. The matinee on the 8th, in Farnwell Hall, when Miss Anthony will speak on the "Power of the Ballot" promises to be of unusual interest. The exercises will be varied by campaign songs and readings.

But I write more especially to give you some information concerning the grand foundation work which has been going on in the Female College in the place through the influence of its more immediate educational manager, Prof. A. F. Nightingale. His first work on entering the institution three years ago was to introduce the study of elocution among the young ladies, and to make declamations obligatory in rhetorical exercises. Although, for some time he labored against the prejudices always incident upon the introduction of any educational novelty, yet, by persistent effort, he has made it one of the chief attractions of the college. At several prize declamation contests the ladies have evinced that thorough elocutionary discipline which makes them the peers of young men in public speaking and debate.

In their ordinary literary exercises (occur-

ing once a week,) the ladies have abandoned, in a great measure, those effeminate subjects which generally characterize the essays of school-girls, and have been discussing the more living subjects of the day, such as "Classical Education for Women," "Co-education of the Sexes," "Woman's Suffrage," "The Advantages to Civilization of Opening the Learned Professions to Ladies," and kindred questions, all of which have required earnest study, and developed unusual talent.

The most recent public exercise of the institution, which was at the close of the winter term, on the evening of March 28d, brought out some of these ideas before the most crowded and most interested audience we have ever seen in Evanston.

For fear of trespassing upon your columns I can only mention a few of the leading features. The relative importance of an aesthetic or classical education for ladies was the subject of a debate, which would have been highly creditable to any convention where the higher education of woman was to be discussed. The argument for classical education, by a young lady from Dubuque, Iowa, was from the standpoint of the present claims of women to a social, moral, and political position of equality with men. It should grace the columns of THE REVOLUTION.

The most finished exercise of the evening was the declamation, "Plea for Woman," a long but very judicious extract from Wendell Phillips, "Woman's Rights," as published in his "Lectures and Speeches," one of the best classic models of the language. It was spoken by Miss Marion Murdock, of Iowa, who was, as I have learned incidentally, the Deputy Clerk of the Iowa House of Representatives last winter, and who being a former pupil of Prof. Nightingale in Iowa, came to Evanston this winter to secure further elocutionary training under his tutelage. She evinced such oratorical ability as we have never seen equalled yet by any lady who has taken the platform. She has peculiar grace and force of gesture, extraordinary purity and power of voice, and a general bearing that commands the profoundest attention and respect. If she can be induced, after finishing a classical course of study, to take the pen and rostrum, she will be a power in her own State and through the land, in advocating the nobler claims of her sex.

At the close of the exercises, in a most ornate and complimentary speech, Miss Murdock, in behalf of the students, presented Prof. Nightingale with an elegant gold ring, and a beautifully bound copy of Milton's poetical works, as a testimonial of their gratitude for his labors, counsels, and example, as a thorough instructor and earnest friend. I noted the following brief extract from her remarks to the Professor: "While you are a friend to us as students, you are also what God grant all men may one day be, a friend to us as candidates for that platform where is equality for ruler and ruled. While always faithful in giving us lessons of mind, you have not forgotten the lessons of heart and life. You have helped us to be better as well as wiser, and you have given us the example of a noble Christian man." There was a silent response of amen in every student's heart.

If, as is rumored, Prof. Nightingale purposes to leave Evanston at the close of the present college year in June, we extend our sym-

pathies to the Female College, and our congratulations to any Institution which shall be so fortunate as to secure him as its President. Thus, you see, that the seeds of progress are being sown in the literary Institutions of the land. Only teach the youth to worship at the altar, upon whose shrine is written "All men are born free and equal," and you have secured in advance the highest liberties for women, and where to-day is strife and scorn, to-morrow will be security and salvation.

JOS.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

LA CROSSE CO., WISCONSIN.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

If you do not think proper to publish the following reply to the letter of "A Working-woman" in your paper of March 28d, I beg that you will at least have the goodness to forward it to her. From my own similar experience, I know how to feel for her and others, and am doing all I can to tell them of a better way than submission or complaint:

My Dear Workingwoman.—A few years ago, I was situated just as you are. Then I determined to endure it no longer. After pleading in vain for wages, I arose early one morning in harvest time: breakfasted, dressed in my best,—(a twenty cent gingham)—and sat down in the rocking chair to await the coming of my liege. When he arose, I told him that he might either pay me two dollars per week for my work from that day forth, or hire some one else to do it.

"What! and let you sit idle, while I sweat in the harvestfield?" he exclaimed,

"I think you could afford to do even that, for all the unpaid work you have had from me; but I will go away, if you wish it, in case you hire a housekeeper," I replied. "And the children?" suggested *mia cara sposa*.

"They are yours, I am not afraid to leave them in your care."

"Well, a woman that will leave her children rather than work for her own husband without hire, can go where she pleases for all me," was the angry retort.

"Good morning, then, my dear," I said, and put on my old sundown and went to the house of a friend, where, on the second day, *mia cara* made his appearance, paid me two dollars in advance, and gladly took me home. I have bought live stock with my wages—very few clothes—and now am the undisputed owner of a good horse, cow, heifer, calf, and flocks of hens.

My youngest child is now nearly four; and with my health steadily improving, I hope to live to vote for a good many Presidents; also, for the extinction of "Thug Doctors," and vendors of "Female Pills"; also for the regulation of the "Social Evil," by putting the men who support it under police surveillance and medical supervision, exactly the same as they propose for "Fallen Women." Truly, the "Fallen Men" have been overlooked by philanthropists so far.

Yours for the right, A FARMER'S WIFE.

PRACTICAL WORK.

EAST HADDAM, CONN., April 10, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Having had the privilege of reading your valuable paper for the year past, and being deeply interested in topics therein discussed,

I concluded to write a few lines giving my limited experience in endeavoring to further the good cause of Woman Suffrage.

Just a year ago I called with a friend upon Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, at her home, and she gave me several numbers of the REVOLUTION, and ever since it has been sent to me through her agency.

I have endeavored to be a humble worker for the enfranchisement of woman, but in the section of Connecticut where I live, the dwellings are far apart from each other, so it has been almost impossible, with my household duties, to visit them all. But whenever I have met with any person I have made the enquiry whether they favored Woman Suffrage? The almost universal reply from men and women, has been that they had not thought of it. Some protested against it, with the usual phrases of its being out of woman's sphere to vote; that it would mar the delicacy of her character, etc. My husband devoted a day or two, and obtained fourteen signatures for the Folio Volume, at Washington. He also presented the names of ten women, mine included, before the Board of Registrars, who refused to register our names, as a preliminary to voting under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

Also, we went before the Board of Selectmen and Town Clerk, but they declined to qualify us for voting, stating that they were acting under a State Law and as a State Board. I enquired of them "Which should be paramount, the United States Law, or that of the state?" Finally, on the 3d of April, I accompanied my husband to the Town Hall, to proffer my vote, my husband stating to the Moderator of the meeting, the refusal by both Boards of registration of my name and qualification for voting. The Moderator said that as a preliminary to voting, I must produce my affidavit that I had been thus refused; and so, on the spot, I made the required affidavit; but, after all, my vote was not received.

I do not consider the time lost by any means, for it has aroused many to examine the subject, and agitation is decidedly necessary to induce people to look into the merits of our cause. We distribute the "Legal Disabilities of Married Women," wherever we can, and other tracts.

Yours truly, E. LOUISA MATHER.

A FRIENDLY TOKEN.

SAN DIEGO, March, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Enclosed find \$2.00 for your paper for the coming year. I can't keep house without it, no use to try. We are all dried out from two successive dry seasons, but still I must have THE REVOLUTION. I read mine and circulate them among others too poor to subscribe; have made many converts by so doing. I hope by another year (should the good Lord rain on us), to send you a long list of subscribers from this place, during which time

I am, most truly yours,
MRS. H. C. NICHOLS.

—The N. Y. Evening Mail says: "Plain hair is rapidly becoming the fashion. How sorry we are for the unfortunate girls who have ruined their front hair by a long course of hot iron and crimping-pins. We wonder if false fronts, such as old ladies used to wear, will be adopted to hide the deficiency?"

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.

All Persons are invited to send to this Journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employment, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and reserves a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the registered postage stamp. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1871.

IMPORTANT TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS. AN ATTRACTIVE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For 15 Subscribers and \$30,		we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.	
" 12 "	" "	" 24, a Doty Clothes Wringer. No housewife should be without it.	" "
" 10 "	" "	" 20, a splendid bronzed eight-day Clock.	" "
" 10 "	" "	" 20, one Dress Pattern, fifteen yards best quality black Alpaca.	" "
" 10 "	" "	" 20, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; something needed in every family.	" "
" 9 "	" "	" 18, one dozen Spoons, heavily plated.	" "
" 9 "	" "	" 18, one dozen silver plated Forks.	" "
" 9 "	" "	" 18, silver plated Teapot.	" "
" 9 "	" "	" 18, one dozen Dinner Knives, best quality.	" "
" 7 "	" "	" 14, one set of French China, 44 pieces.	" "
" 6 "	" "	" 12, silver plated Cake Basket.	" "
" 6 "	" "	" 12, " Butter Dish.	" "
" 5 "	" "	" 10, one linen damask Table Cloth.	" "
" 3 "	" "	" 6, one of Frang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."	" "
" 3 "	" "	" 6, Frang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."	" "
" 2 "	" "	" 4, Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.	" "
" 2 "	" "	" 4, silver plated Butter-Knife.	" "

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

EDMONIA LEWIS.

ROME, ITALY, March 21, 1871.

One of the first studios which we visited in Rome was that of Edmonia Lewis, the colored sculptor. We were interested in her even before we saw her, or any of her works; not only because of her sex, but of her race, and our acquaintance with her and her works has only heightened the interest which we felt in her.

The world has advanced in the route of progress, but it has not yet reached that point to which we hope a few more centuries will bring it: when a woman can enter upon any vocation, whether literary, artistic, mercantile, or mechanical, with the same freedom as a man, and find no greater obstacles in the way of her success than her brother has to encounter.

That equal start and fair chance in the race of life has not yet been given to woman. In her struggle to reach the goal of independence, she finds herself heavily weighted by her sex, and if, in addition to that burden, she has to bear also, like Edmonia Lewis, the prejudices felt against color and race, she needs a vast amount of enthusiasm and courage to venture into the field at all.

That enthusiasm and that courage Edmonia Lewis had, and the result has justified her

dauntless faith in the power of a strong will, and an untiring patience to conquer all difficulties.

And if ever a woman had a rough path to tread in her road to success, that woman was Edmonia Lewis.

She is of mingled Indian and African descent. Her mother was one of the Chippewa tribe, and her father a full-blooded African. Both her parents died young, leaving the orphan girl and her only brother to be brought up by the Indians. Here, as may well be imagined, her opportunities for education were meagre enough. On her first visit to Boston, she saw a statue of Benjamin Franklin. It filled her with amazement and delight. She did not know by what name to call "the stone image," but she felt within her the stir of new powers.

"I, too, can make a stone man," she said to herself; and at once she went to visit Lloyd Garrison, and told him what she knew she could do, and asked him how she should set about doing it.

Struck by her enthusiasm, Garrison gave her a note of introduction to Brackett, the Boston sculptor, and after a little talk with her, Mr. Brackett gave her a piece of clay and a mould of a human foot, as a study. "Go home and make that," said he, "if there is anything in you, it will come out."

Alone, in her own room, the young girl toiled over her clay, and when she had done her best, carried the result to her master. He looked at her model, broke it up and said, "Try again."

She did try again, modelled feet and hands, and at last undertook a medallion of the head of John Brown, which was pronounced excellent.

The next essay was a bust of the young hero, Colonel Shaw, the first man who took the command of a colored regiment, and whose untimely and glorious death, and the epitaph spoken by the South, "Bury him with his niggers," have made him an immortal name in the history of our civil war.

The family of this young hero heard of the bust which the colored girl was making as a labor of love, they came to see it and were delighted with the portrait which she had taken from a few poor photographs.

Of this bust she sold one hundred copies, and with that money she set out for Europe, full of hope and courage.

"I thought I knew everything when I came to Rome," she said naively, "but I soon found that I had everything to learn."

At once she devoted herself to hard study and hard work, and here she made her first statue: a figure of Hagar in her despair in the Wilderness. It is a work full of feeling, for as she says: "I have a strong sympathy for all women who have struggled and suffered. For this reason the Virgin Mary is very dear to me."

The first copy of Hagar was purchased by a gentleman from Chicago. A fine group of the Madonna with the infant Christ in her arms, and two adoring angels at her feet, attests the sincerity of her admiration for the Jewish maiden.

This last group has been purchased by the young Marquis of Bute, Disraeli's Lothair, for an altar piece.

Among Miss Lewis' other works, are two small groups, illustrating Longfellow's poem of

Hiawatha. Her first "Hiawatha's wooing," represents Minnehaha seated making a pair of moccasins and Hiawatha by her side with a world of love and longing in his eyes.

In the marriage they stand side by side with clasped hands. In both, the Indian type of features is carefully preserved and every detail of dress, &c., is true to nature; the sentiment is equal to the execution. They are charming bits, poetic, simple, and natural; and no happier illustrations of Longfellow's most original poem were ever made than these by the Indian sculptor.

A fine bust, also, of this same poet, is about to be put in marble, which has been ordered by Harvard College, and in this instance, at least, old Harvard has done itself honor. If it will not yet open its doors to women who ask education at its hands, it will admit the work of a woman who has educated herself in her chosen department.

Miss Lewis has a fine medallion portrait of Wendell Phillips; a charming group of sleeping babies, and some other minor works in her studio.

She is just about finishing a commission which Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, has given her: a monument for her last resting place at Mt. Auburn.

We have not yet seen this, but are told that it was Dr. Hunt's own design: a life size statue of Hygieia, with various bas-reliefs on the pedestal.

Miss Lewis is one of the few sculptors whom no one charges with having assistance in her work. Every one admits that whether good or bad, her marbles are all her own.

So determined is she to avoid all occasion for detraction, that she even "puts up" her clay; a work purely mechanical, and one of great drudgery, which scarcely any male sculptor does for himself. It is a very hard and very fatiguing process, for it consists in the piling up masses of wet clay into a vague outline of a human figure, out of which the sculptor brings the model into form and beauty.

If Miss Lewis were not very strong, she could not do this, and it seems to us an unnecessary expenditure of her physical powers.

Edmonia Lewis is below the medium height her complexion and features betray her African origin; her hair is more of the Indian type, black, straight, and abundant. She wears a red cap in her studio, which is very picturesque and effective; her face is a bright, intelligent, and expressive one. Her manners are child-like, simple, and most winning and pleasing. She has the proud spirit of her Indian ancestor, and if she has more of the African in her personal appearance, she has more of the Indian in her character.

She is one of the most interesting of our American women artists here, and we are glad to know that she is fast winning fame and fortune.

There is something in human nature, poor as it is, which makes every one admire a brave and heroic spirit; and if people are not always ready to lend a helping hand to struggling genius, they are all eager to applaud when those struggles are crowned with success.

The hour for applause has come to Edmonia Lewis. All honor to the brave little African girl, who has earned her own way to fame and to independence.

IRRESPONSIBILITY OF WIVES.

The Torpey diamond robbery in London has become already a famous case, and is provoking a good deal of comment both in England and America.

The facts of the case are these: Some time last January a gentleman called at a jeweler's shop, and requested that certain ornaments which he designated should be sent to his house for his wife to choose from before completing a purchase.

The shopman repaired to the house indicated, and was met at the door by the same gentleman, who apologized for the absence of the servant, and conducted him up stairs into the presence of his wife.

The diamonds which the dealer had brought, to the amount of \$13,000, were displayed, commented on, and admired by the husband and wife, and then, by a dexterous movement, Mrs. Torpey stepped behind the shopman, and thrust a handkerchief steeped in chloroform under his nostrils, while the male Torpey pinioned his arms, and finally laid him insensible on a sofa, and made off with the gems to the continent. Mrs. Torpey remained in England, was captured by the police, and brought to trial. All the facts above stated were clearly proved; but the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty on the ground that a woman has no existence save through her husband.

The recorder, in summing up for the jury, charged that the presumption of the law was, that when an act was committed by a wife in the presence of her husband, it was done under his control. A writer, commenting on this extraordinary decision, says: "To the eye of common sense the robbery was a clear case of conspiracy; to the eye of the law, the accused was the innocent tool of a wicked husband."

Men have created this and similar legal fictions for their own advantage, and if they are now and then cut by the instruments they have made, they certainly have no right to complain. The English wife, until within a very short time, has not been nearly so well protected in her property rights as the dweller in a Turkish harem, and if in rare instances she enjoys immunity from just punishment, as in the case under consideration, it is only due to exceptional circumstances that happen to be met by laws which were made to crush out her individual rights.

Such a case as this might not occur to the detriment of the husband and the advantage of the wife once in twenty years, whereas women are daily sufferers in some of our own States, and in many other countries, by being reduced legally to nonentities the moment the connubial knot is tied.

Men, who are the sole law makers, have it in their power to immediately in all countries give the married woman that recognition under the law which shall forever do away with the absurd and antiquated theory that the wife is wholly merged in the husband on the day of her marriage, and loses her separate legal existence; but up to this time they have in many cases preferred to endure the few and slight disadvantages accruing from such a fiction for the sake of the solid benefits it confers.

The injustice and folly of the verdict rendered in this Torpey case is very glaring; but the principal service it is likely to render will, we hope, be that of drawing attention to laws and social opinions which, while they now and then suffer a guilty wife to go scot free, condemn thousands of innocent wives to domestic and marital serfdom.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The precedent furnished by two women who recently voted within the borders of Michigan, has a curious and interesting parallel; one, too, likely to lead to most important results in South Carolina, the place where we should have least looked for such a sign of progress. In one of the election districts of that State, in October last, five colored women were allowed to vote. The managers of the election who accepted their vote have since been arrested, tried, and imprisoned, under the Congressional Election Law. The case has been carried up to a higher court, on the ground that women have a right to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution. The following details of the case we clip from an exchange:

"WASHINGTON, April 5.—At the election for Governor and Members of Congress in South Carolina on the 19th of October last, the managers of election at Ladies' Island allowed five colored females to vote. The managers were all colored. Rev. Kit Green and Stephen Shepard, managers of election, were arrested and indicted under the Enforcement act of Congress, charged with neglect of duty and violation of law in allowing females to vote. At the February term of the United States District Court of South Carolina the cases came up before Judge Bryan. The jury found the managers guilty, and they were sentenced to six months' imprisonment in jail and to pay a fine of \$300. Counsel for the managers, in due time, presented his bill of exceptions, and carried the case to the Circuit Court of the United States, to be held at Charleston this month, the ground of appeal being that the constitution and laws authorized females to vote."

This will prove an extremely important case if it is carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, thereby forcing a definition of the constitutional rights of women which only by the most manifest injustice can prove adverse.

The election managers were colored men and their alacrity in admitting their sisters to the polls is deserving of great credit, and seems to speak well of the temper of the negro race on this important subject, and for the future of woman suffrage in the South.

MEN AND ANGELS.

"Men want women to be angels, do they?" exclaimed an irate spinster. "They'd look well alongside of angels, wouldn't they? the ugly brutes!"

The "irate spinster" above quoted, although her opinion might have been couched in more elegant terms, struck the nail on the head.

The men of this day have the least possible qualifications for mingling with women of finer and more ethereal mould than those that now exist. The contrast presented by the average man along side of the exalted and purified woman would resemble Titania and the ass.

To come anigh angels the men of this generation would require to be born again, mentally and physically. Their imaginations must be scrubbed out; their minds must be elevated above cent per cent. and the fluctuations of the stock market; they must give up the low tastes, desires and practices of the race course and the bar-room; they must cleanse their mouths from tobacco and their muddled brains from the fumes of the same narcotic, and of brandy, whiskey and rum; they must cleanse their talk from its profane swearing and vulgarity before they can live with beings whose eyes are too pure to look on sin.

How could men go into the presence of angels from an atmosphere reeking with im-

morality and base self-indulgence? As society now is, men bring their vices so near to women, that, as Mrs. Browning says, "we smell them." In an exalted and refined sphere this could not be.

Men rhapsodize about angels; but, in truth they do not wish women to become nobler than they now are because they shrink from the demands which a higher womanhood will make upon their own sex. Half of the opposition to the woman cause comes from this truth, although it lies unformed and illy defined in the consciousness of men. The rule of obedience to principles of higher life and action which they will not impose on themselves, women must lay upon them—insensibly, but still surely. Ephraim is joined unto his idols. Men love their vices, and will fight long and hard for the privilege of practicing them, half under the rose, and then of carrying them full blown into the presence of pure and stainless women. The day is coming when it will be a matter as vital in importance to women to know that the men with whom they associate are respectable not only in name, but in fact, as it is for men to be assured that the women of their households mingle with those of unblemished names.

We believe the claim that men can lead vicious lives and not suffer injury in body and soul to the same extent that women do under like conditions to be totally false. Separate bad men from all association with those better than themselves, herd them together and fix a brand upon them, and the same recklessness would manifest itself which is seen in women in exactly this situation.

The abandoned woman wanders through the street homeless, homeless, hungry and sick, perhaps, without a hand stretched out to befriend or help; but the abandoned man who has wrought her all this woe walks through the doors of the finest houses into the presence of women who would not besmirch their hands by touching an unclean female palm, and yet will give those same white hands into the keeping of men whose sins are only too patent. If women ever do come nearer the beatific state of angelhood they will neither excuse or palliate the offense of erring men more than of erring women. They will send such men cowed and abashed out of their presence to purify and cleanse their souls with fasting and prayer, and will set such a stigma upon vice that it shall cease to parade itself everywhere among men in the stolen livery of virtue.

—The women suffragists are astir all over the country. They are determined to put their right to vote to proof. The effort made by a large number of well-known Washington ladies on the 14th day of April, to register their names for voting, though unsuccessful, is most important in the history of the movement. They repaired to the City Hall and handed to one of the registrars the following petition:

"We, the undersigned citizens of Washington, believing it to be our solemn duty and a part of the allegiance we owe to our Maker, to our country, and to our homes, to exercise the right of the elective franchise, hereby earnestly petition that our names be registered as qualified voters in our several districts."

The document was signed by sixty-four women. The Board of Registrars were unanimous in their opinion that under the law none but males have any right to register. The women then made application at the registering places of their respective districts, but were again refused, although their names were taken down and kept for record. Among the petitioners were Grace Greenwood, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mary A. Dennison, and several lady physicians.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE COMMITTEE.

The National Woman Suffrage Committee of Washington is soon to issue an "Appeal," which will appear simultaneously in a large number of the most influential papers of the country on or about the 25th of April.

Such copies of this document as are to be used as circulars will contain the name and residence, in full, of every member of the Committee.

Mrs. Hooker informs us that these names were not attached to the call for a Convention, to be held in this city on the 11th and 13th of May next, because the original plan was to have this "Appeal" either accompany the call, or follow immediately. It was found, however, that the time allowed was entirely inadequate for the preparation of so important a document, and as the call must appear at once in order to secure the attention of friends in all parts of the country, it had per force to appear alone, disavowed from the statement of the rise, origin, plans and prospects of the Committee which the "Appeal" will contain.

The "Appeal" could not well be written until after the winter campaign was ended, for, as the first official announcement of the organization and existence of any such Committee, it was necessary that it should embrace a review of past work as well as plans for future action. In point of time the "Appeal" ought to have come first; but the difficulties in the way of giving it precedence will at once be perceived.

No one can for a moment suppose that Mrs. Hooker, while issuing this call, preferred to stand alone and separate from her noble associates in the Committee, side by side with whom she has labored during the past months. She distinctly disclaims any shadow of such intention, and wishes this explanation, made in and through her name, that all may understand why the "Appeal" has been so long unavoidably delayed.

Harmonious, concentrated, united action is what she desires more than all else, and a spirit which is willing to sink all lower considerations for the good of the cause. In public and private, it is needless to say, it has ever been Mrs. Hooker's delight to honor the old workers, who are to her and to all who have come in to the field at a later stage, objects of the sincerest veneration, for they have borne the burden and heat of the day, fought the good fight, and kept the faith, when fidelity and steadfastness of soul only brought revilings.

The younger disciples will ever look up to these veteran-laborers in the vineyard, and lend a reverent ear to their words of wisdom. The National Committee contains some of the best known and most indefatigable of these—names that are in themselves a power for good.

Mrs. Pauline Wright Davis presided at the first National Woman's Rights Convention, held twenty years ago, and lent to the assemblage a grace and dignity which has never been excelled on any similar occasion. She surveys the whole field, from beginning to end, of a reform, all of which she knows and part of which she is. Her heart beats high with hope, and as she may be said, to have rocked the cradle of the movement, she will doubtless witness the fulfillment of its mission, the fruition of all her toils, and will reap

the full reward of long and faithful service. Being an active, working member of the Committee she has passed a busy winter in Washington, but returns home with her heart more and more in the self-chosen vocation, which, in spite of all the demands made upon her strength, seems only to have improved her health and vigor.

Miss Anthony's lecture engagements have taken her away from actual participation in the toils of the Committee; but her heartiest sympathy has been given to her associates at the Capital of the nation. She has been sowing seed with lavish hand beside many waters, and, like the indefatigable, untiring, zealous apostle of the Gentiles, has been instant in season and out of season, serving the cause to which, with such grand self-abnegation, she has devoted her life. She has gone on her course "in tumults, in labors, in watchings, and, for aught we know, in fastings." She has prosecuted her mission "by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness and by love unfeigned, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; she has been chastened, but not killed; she has been sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich." The reverence which springs from perfect self-consecration is and always will be hers, and will grow and broaden as the spirit of faction dies more completely away.

Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing lives in Washington, and is one of the very best and most earnest speakers on the woman's rights platform. Every word she utters bears the weight of deep and well-rooted conviction and a sincerity that no one would ever dream of questioning. She is a close, logical reasoner, with fine command of language, and never fails to interest and convince her hearers. Her labors at her own home in the cause of the freedman and for other humane objects places her in the fore-front of our women philanthropists. No one seems to do good for the love of doing good more heartily than Mrs. Griffing, and she possesses that talent for practical work in many and diverse directions, which is one of the rarest of gifts.

Of Mrs. Hooker herself we can say nothing better than what has already appeared in *The Independent*. The following occurs, in speaking of the cause:

"It wanted a bit of genuine religious enthusiasm, and this Mrs. Hooker has given it. Her spirit reminds us of that of the old prophets. She works with a sense of divine direction and belief in the holiness of her work, and her own providential call to carry it forward. Such a faith adds greatly, of course, to the momentum of her appeals. Add to this religious earnestness, her ability and excellent personal presence, and it is not hard to understand why she is so successful in her work. To Mrs. Hooker everybody at the capital accords the purest motives and the most self-sacrificing zeal. If she has made mistakes, they have grown out of a chivalrous charity, and they cannot prevent Mrs. Hooker from ranking as one of the ablest and best of the advocates of the rights of woman."

The other members of this laborious Committee are actuated, doubtless, by the same spirit, and the generous and disinterested labor they have undertaken deserves the heartiest support from the people who wish to hasten the early day of woman's enfranchisement.

Mrs. Mary E. Lynd, of Milwaukee, has been appointed by Gov. Fairchild a member of the Wisconsin State Board of Charities and Reform.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND THE MILLENNIUM.

We clip the following suggestive passage from the *Watchman and Reflector*, bearing date March 18:

"Women speakers have gone on, in utter disregard of common sense and common logic, connecting all the ills which women suffer with this fact, that women cannot vote. They persist in picturing a millennial day of woman's intellectual majesty, social and civil autocracy, and perfect sinlessness and happiness, — a day too of universal peace and national brotherhood, the dawning of which is to begin with women's voting. We ask for the logic in all this; for the relation between the vote and the coming glory; and no woman has ever yet given answer. For logic she has given assertion; for reason she has given sentiment; for common sense she has given us the eloquence of her woes and aspirations. So persistently have these women advocates ignored all known laws of argument and rational discourse that many a man, hoping the best for woman, has about concluded that she stands condemned out of her own mouth as by nature disqualified for these civic stations and duties where the reason, the judgment and the logical faculties hold empire."

The above indicates the animus of a clerical pen, for no other we believe would so unblushingly misrepresent the assumed positions of those who are at all entitled to be called exponents of the Woman Suffrage Cause. None of these we have ever listened to, are in the habit of picturing the immediate dawn of the millennium, when women are allowed to vote. Having eaten the fruits of experience during many long years, they are too wise to be cheated by the hope that when that happy day arrives, it will bring in the reign of "national brotherhood," so wide spread as to turn the worm-wood and gall of our religious opponents into sugar and honey; or that they will at once cease to "wrest" Scripture for the purpose of proving that God, from the foundation of the world, decreed the perpetual servitude and subjection of woman, who was made expressly for man to rule and reign over, even as formerly they drew from the same sacred source the doctrine that negro slavery was a divinely ordained institution.

In time, when woman's political equality has been recognized, public opinion will administer a rebuke to wrongs and crimes, bolstered by the self created interpreters of the Bible, and it will then become as infamous to attempt to advocate the subjection of woman, by arguments picked out of the old or new Testament, as it now would be for anybody to presume to excuse negro-slavery on the same ground.

The logic of events has silenced, years ago the followers and imitators of South-side Adams, the Rev. Joel Parker, and others who used the greater part of their mental endowments in trying to prove that God had created a particular kind of human flesh and blood to be used, bought, and sold as property. We believe the day will come when those clergymen, who now produce much the same reasoning drawn from the Bible, to prove the subject, nature, and constitution of woman, will be quite as willing to let oblivion cover their past record.

Our opponent goes on to say that "so persistently have these women advocates ignored all known rules of argument and rational discourse, that many a man hoping the best for woman, has about concluded that she stands condemned out of her own mouth, &c." Who are "these women advocates" to whom the *Watchman and Reflector* refers; and who, according to its account, prate about the millennium of woman suffrage like babbling

infants? Our adversary takes refuge in glittering generalities, and we are led to believe that they are merely women of straw. No female advocates that we have ever seen or heard of, have had their eyes fixed in vain expectancy, on such an impracticable fool's paradise. They know, to their deep sorrow, that there are mountains of human misery and woe the ballot cannot move, but they also know that there are other mountains of a similar kind which it can move, and if it be ever so little, they are determined to apply the motive power. We have never heard one of them express the idea that human progression can be accomplished by an avalanche or a land slide their hands are capable of loosing. They know that to Him, in whose hands all things rest, a thousand years are as a day, and a day as a thousand years. The principles on which they work are few and simple. Give human beings better opportunities, and they will become better, as the grain of wheat takes the lime, or guano out of the soil, and makes a larger and sweeter kernel. Do justice, and found public affairs on the firm basis of equity, and then those wheels will propel the race forward, however slowly, still surely. So long as women are defrauded of their rights, the wheels of progress in exactly the same proportion, are blocked.

Book Table.

THE CONSTITUTION VIOLATED; AN ESSAY, by the author of "John Gray of Dileston. Dedicated to the Workmen and Women of Great Britain. Edinburgh. Edmonstone & Douglass, 1871.

Few men or women of any age or time have had deeper convictions than Mrs. Josephine Butler, the writer of this little volume. The whole strength of her nature has been roused to combat and overthrow the iniquity palmed off on the English people, under the name of the Contagious Diseases Acts. In the work before us, she reasons closely and logically, on the unconstitutional nature of these atrocious laws, affecting, as they do, a large class of the women of Great Britain, and shows that they are in direct violation of the spirit of Magna Charta, and especially that all important clause which insures to the free-born citizen trial by jury. This, Mrs. Butler justly considers the very key-stone of English liberties. She ably answers the objection, that the offences which these Acts cover, come under the head of trials denominated, "Summary proceedings before Justices of the Peace, to inflict fines and penalties of divers kinds for many disorderly offences, such as common swearing, drunkenness, vagrancy, &c." The point made is that, if on the one hand these Acts are directed against vice, and are for the discouragement of the sin of prostitution, then their framers are guilty of a violation of the Constitution, by placing cases of real criminality, involving severe penalties, on the list of summary proceedings in which there is no appeal; but if these cases properly belong to a catalogue of minor offences, which alone can justly come under this head, then to what an awful moral conclusion are we driven on the other hand. Prostitution itself, is morally criminal. The State placing the Contagious Diseases Acts in the category of mere economical regulations—makes the crime dealt with under them to consist in acting as a prostitute *when out of*

health. It says to the trader in sin, "You are guilty unless you pursue this trade under certain conditions prescribed by Act of Parliament." Thus plainly implying, "You are not guilty so long as you ply your trade in compliance with the conditions required by our Act."

Mrs. Butler gives indubitable proof that these dreadful laws bear on all women in the districts where they are enforced, from the utter impossibility of defining a prostitute, and the power which policemen have to seize women on suspicion.

She brings a startling array of facts to prove that outrages are actually practiced; that women, by the grossest violations of decency, can be, and are made to suffer insults worse than death to those in whose souls one spark of modesty still survives. The practices carried on at this moment in England, under the name of law, are too revolting and loathsome to be described. Mrs. Butler shows, moreover, in the most incontrovertible manner, the utter futility of attempting to change this vice by legislation. Her array of facts and authorities ought, of itself, to cause the repeal of these wicked Acts.

The book is written in a clear, perspicuous style, which betokens perfect mastery of the subject, and it ought to be reprinted here for the enlightenment of the people, now that certain forms of the great evil it combats are lurking at our doors.

THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE. By Laura Carter Holloway. With fifteen steel engravings. United States Publishing Company, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis; H. H. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

In producing a popular book for the million, Mrs. Holloway has grouped together a number of facts connected with a series of historical ladies, all interesting and some new. These sketches embrace some twenty-five names of the wives, daughters and other female relatives of our Presidents, who have at various times filled the position of hostess at the White House. The main incidents connected with the different administrations are necessarily touched upon in a manner which serves to refresh the memory concerning details in our history, which, though familiar enough to most persons, are apt to become jumbled and confused in the mind. It is altogether natural that a considerable degree of interest should be felt in the different women, who, from time to time, have had the honor of presiding over our Republican Court. Mrs. Holloway fully gratifies the curiosity which her own sex at least must feel concerning these characters, and has been at great pains in collecting accurate and copious information for her sketches. Many of the Presidents' ladies, who have enjoyed the somewhat dubious privilege of presiding at State dinner parties and "receiving" Uncle Sam's representatives in the East Room of the Executive Mansion, were drawn more or less reluctantly from private life to occupy a pedestal, which, at the end of four years, they were doubtless only too happy to relinquish to their successor. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, developed by Mrs. Holloway's book, that, with only three or four exceptions, the wives of the Presidents have been domestic, quiet, unpretending personages, without worldly ambition or a desire to shine in gay society. Some of them, like the first Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Zachary

Taylor and Mrs. Pierce, met the demands of their high station only from a sense of duty. Others, from ill health and a total distaste to the position, resigned their honors into the hands of their daughters and younger female friends. A few had a marked influence upon the men with whom they were most intimately associated, and thus left their stamp upon the most noticeable periods of American history. Mrs. Washington's patriotism and self-sacrifice through the dark days of our struggle for independence and the infancy of the Republic are too well known to need comment. Although by no means a great woman, nor wholly free from infirmities of temper, she acted well her part, and met the exigencies of the troublous times through which she was called to pass with a good degree of credit.

Mrs. John Adams, wife of the first President of that name, stands out with more of the attributes of a Roman matron. At the beginning of the Revolution, alone with a family of little children, within sound of the enemy's guns at Boston, just after having buried three members of her family, this woman of undaunted soul wrote thus to her husband in Congress, concerning the King's proclamation: "This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent state, but tyrant state and these colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them, and instead of supplications as formerly for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels and bring to naught all their devices." The sketch of Mrs. Adams forms, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the book. It contains a lengthy extract from her diary while residing abroad at the different European Courts, and also letters and notes relative to the condition of Washington, during her husband's administration. She was the first lady to occupy the then unfinished and comfortless White House, and piteously details the difficulty she encounters in getting fuel enough to warm the great barrack during the winter months. The different avenues of the city were then merely roads through the wilderness, and the Capital of the nation could scarcely be called a clearing on the frontier. In spite of all the ladies who have flitted in and out of the White House since her day, Mrs. Madison stands pre-eminent as simply a charming woman. Miss Harriet Lane, niece of Mr. Buchanan, will, perhaps, come next to her, and others have left fragrant memories behind them. Mrs. Holloway's book contains much to interest, amuse, and instruct. It is illustrated by a number of engravings differing in excellence, but all interesting. It is a thorough American work, eminently fitted to be popular with our home people, and to find readers among young and old. It has already passed through several editions, and is doubtless destined to a much wider circulation than it has yet enjoyed.

—Elizabeth Mary Powell, lately a teacher at Vassar College, has been invited to become associate resident pastor of the Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass. Charles C. Burleigh has been sole pastor of that church hitherto ever since it was organized.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION. Under the Auspices of the National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee, Washington, D. C.

The question of the constitutional right of women to citizenship and suffrage, having become, in its political and legal relations, a question of great and immediate importance, a Convention for its discussion will be held in the city of New York, on the 11th and 12th days of May next, at Apollo Hall, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. Distinguished and able speakers, both men and women, will take part in the discussions. There is at the present time a demand in both political parties for new and vital issues, affording, therefore, a special opportunity for this question to assert its claims as a political one upon the attention of the whole country. Every man and woman, who believes in a truly Republican form of government, is urgently invited to attend the Convention.

In behalf of the Committee.

ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER,
President.

Friendly papers please copy.

—Good news comes from Mrs. Ida Frances Leggett. She is going about, like an apostle of reform, among the towns of Northwestern New York, and writes that she is everywhere received with enthusiasm by people eager to hear and learn of these new doctrines. She has packed houses wherever she lectures, and often alternates, giving one evening a discourse on Temperance and the next on Woman Suffrage. We heartily bid her God speed in her work of sowing good seed by many waters.

—Delaware still retains the whipping-post and the stocks, but nevertheless shows signs of progress. Better late than never. The Legislature of Delaware has passed a law providing for the protection of property of married women in case of separation from their husbands. If a woman engage in business on her own account, after desertion by her husband, the new law affords protection from any interference by him in her affairs. Under the old law a drunken or a worthless husband could claim the property of his wife, after deserting and leaving her to make a living for herself.

Special Notices.

MRS. H. B. O'LEARY, M. D.,
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A MORNING COURSE OF LECTURES,

FOR LADIES ONLY, ON
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Tuesday morning, April 18th, at 11 o'clock, to be continued Tuesdays and Fridays, illustrated by means of a very extensive collection of models, manikins, &c., that she selected with great care, while in Europe, expressly for this purpose. Admission, first lecture, free.

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Send One Dollar and a postage stamp, for the best known method, which cannot fail if the directions are strictly followed. It makes soiled Kid Gloves equal to new, not injuring the most delicate colors, and leaving no unpleasant odor. Reliable references given, if required, before money is sent. Address

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THE INFANT'S FRIEND.—Mrs. Winslow's *Soothing Syrup* is the best and surest remedy for all diseases of children, such as teething, wind colic, &c. It corrects acidity of the stomach, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. Perfectly safe in all cases, as millions of mothers can testify.

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GREAT RUN ON A WELL-KNOWN INSTITUTION.—The famous Patent Medicine Warehouse of Charles N. Crittenton, No. 7 Sixth Avenue, New York, has recently been subjected to an extraordinary pressure—the pressure of crowds of sufferers from Coughs and Colds in search of HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, of which he is the fortunate proprietor. The popularity of the article is boundless, and will last, for it is built on the solid foundation of innumerable cures. Crittenton's establishment might properly be called a Saving Bank, from the number it has been instrumental in saving from Consumption. Trochial affections of every type, vanish under its balmy and balsamic influence with astonishing rapidity. Sold by all Druggists. Principal Depot, 7 Sixth Avenue, New York. Ask for large size, price \$1; they are much the cheapest.

WHENEVER a really valuable article is advertised, it is our pleasure, as well as credit, to make a special notice of it, and such an article we take to be "Helmhold's Fluid Extract of Buchu." As a curative in cases of diseases of the kidneys, it is the medicine.

Unlike other patent medicine advertisers, Dr. Helmhold freely advertises the names of the ingredients of his compound, and no regular physician has yet found fault with it, while it is known that many such are freely recommending it in cases of the above-named diseases.

There are some counterfeits in existence, so parties purchasing should get only Helmhold's.

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The ladies can find among the Spring styles from New York, just the kind of boot to show off their feet to advantage.

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HELMHOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID
EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

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SAFE FOR AND TAKEN BY CHILDREN.

NO NAUSEA; NO GRIPING PAINS, BUT
MILD, PLEASANT AND SAFE IN OPERATION.

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ONE BOTTLE OF THE GRAPE-JUICE PILLS ARE
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BAD BLOOD, POOR COMPLEXION, HEADACHE,
NERVOUSNESS, WAKEFULNESS AT
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WILL GIVE NEW BLOOD, NEW VIGOR
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are done up with great care and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing. All of

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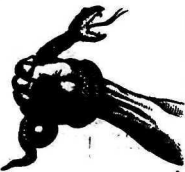
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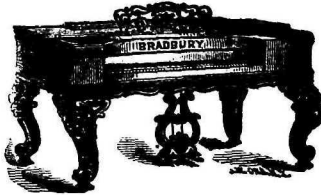
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